

At your request I will endeavor to give you a correct account of the escape of Harriet Powell from her master while on a visit to this place.

About the 1st of Oct. 1839 it was noised about town that a Southerner had put up at the Syracuse House kept by Philo N. Rust where they were expecting to stay a few days.

On inquiry it was ascertained that the stranger was a Mr. Davenport of Mississippi accompanied by his lady, both former residents of this county, and who had left the purer air of the north for the pestiferous breezes of the slave holding south. And with them they brought a specimen of chattel property peculiar to that region, but which, by some stranger mishap, was here generally taken for a lady, so nearly did it resemble a living, breathing, moving and intelligent being. This strange mistake will not be wondered at by any one when they learn that, when some of Mrs. Davenport's former acquaintance, whom she had not seen for several years, called upon her, were ushered into a room where sat what appeared to be, two ladies. So near did they appear alike that one was mistaken for the other. And on being introduced to Mrs. Davenport "to the entire neglect" of the other, much embarrassment was felt at this, as appeared to them, breach of politeness. But they soon learned that the _____ was the vast difference, one was a lady of fashion and the other, which had been mistaken for her companion and her equal, was not a lady, as she appeared, but a chattel, a thing, a merchandisable commodity and was treated accordingly.

Affairs went on swimmingly for several days. Mr. D. was the ____ of the day, parties were given at which Mrs. D., a star of the first magnitude and at which his wench, as she termed her servant, vied with his mistress in dress and ornamental decorating.

There were several colored servants, both male and female, employed at the Syracuse House, who took a deep interest in Harriet and laid the subject of her freedom before her. Liberty was very attractive to her and she sighed for it, notwithstanding her superior situation and kind treatment so much boasted of by her masters, but she shrank from the danger to which she must be exposed and anticipating the future should she fail in the effort, her heart failed her when the subject was first brought before her mind. But as the time approached for her departure for the land of the oppressed, her thirst for freedom and her dread of spending her life in interminable bondage and degradation, she summoned all her courage and resolved to breathe the pure air of liberty or to suffer all the cruelty, deprivations and oppression consequent upon a failure.

The day was fixed for them leaving for New York and the last night in Syracuse was to be spent at a large party at the home of Major Cook. This was the night fixed upon for her escape.

The arrangement had been made by several of the colored people to secure her clothes and to facilitate her escape.

The house was agreed upon where to meet and the place. Mr. _____, a colored man applied for a horse and wagon. Mr. _____ a man living out of town a horse and wagon to convey her away. This was thought best, lest by taking a horse here a clue might be got at the place where she was secreted. This man with a generous heart volunteered to go himself with his horse and wagon. The night was favorable being dark. At the hour agreed upon which was, I think, 8 o'clock Mr. _____ a colored man went tot he Syracuse House for the clothes which were to be received in the back yard and Mr. _____ another colored man, stationed himself by the door in Major Cook's back yard to escort the fugitive. The wagon was on the ground in _____ And Mr. & Mrs. Were on the ground in a _____

At the hour appointed H. came down from an upper room, passed through the company, placing a child which she was in charge of in Mrs. D.'s lap, and passed out at the back door without her bonnet, when she found her faithful friend in waiting. And with hurried steps and _____ they proceeded to the place appointed, where they found all things planned and exectued to an admirable precision. She was _____ and in very different circumstances than she was _____ before placed, she sprang into the wagon. But a female to be out riding without a bonnet would attract notice and the night being cold she was in a situation to suffer as she had ten miles to ride. Mr. _____ one of the colored men generously gave her his hat, his own coat and thus equipped away they went with railroad speed, in appearance two gentlemen, nor did they stop till they

had reached the house of Mr. _____ 3 or 4 miles south of Marcellus village. There we will leave her and return to the scene in Syracuse.

Harriet had been gone about half an hour when Mrs. D. having occasion for her service called for her but she was not to be found. The alarm was given and pursuers sent in every direction. The Oswego Packet was overtaken and the express went on to Oswego as is understood others were sent to other ports on the lake both east and west to be sure that she should not escape. The next morning our high minded and honorable southern man made no small flourish. He came out early with the following advertisement and which will serve as a description of H. better than any thing I can write:

The cupidity of a few, who should have blushed at the mention of slavery, was too strong to resist the bribe that was offered, and they exposed the traitor without being able to carry this treason into effect. The whole kennel was let loose, and a systematic chase commenced. Spies were sent in various directions to watch the houses of prominent abolitionists. And every device and scheme imaginable were resorted to in order to obtain a clue to her place of concealment or the route which she had taken. She had remained about a week at the first place of concealment, when an unprincipled abolitionist was unwittingly told the neighbourhood where she was. And in the evening communicated it to others who made preparations to

take the game next morning and pocket the reward. And the next morning with hearts buoyant with expectation they went in pursuit and scoured the neighbourhood where they expected to find the object of their search. But the cry of the bloodhounds had been heard in the distance and the game had taken the alarm and fled to a place of safety.

As providence directed on the evening that the friends of H. had been betrayed, three of them had met about 9 PM to make arrangements to remove her to a place of greater security and had perfected this plan for removing her the following night. And had separated. One was to write a letter to send by the individual who was to convey her away. And though it was then about 10 o'clock PM sat down and wrote the letter and just as it was finished a gentle tap was heard at the door and on opening it, one of the friends who had but a short time before left, was there with the information that we had been betrayed. He stated that while we had been in consultation a man had called at his house and inquired of his wife where her husband was. He stated that his business was of the utmost importance and must be done with him personally. She could not tell him where her husband was, for she did not know. But she strangely suspected what his business was and by gaining his confidence drew from him the facts relating to the treachery. She did not know him, nor is it yet known who he was.

The letter having been prepared in due season, the two friends started between 10 and 11 at night and went on foot several miles into the country and procured a conveyance and

had her removed that very night about 8 or 9 miles from the place where she was at first concealed. Here she was not permitted to remain long before she was removed to the residence of Mr. _____, a well known and tried friend of the slaves, in the town of Lebanon in Madison county, where she remained two or three weeks and received all the kind attention which the golden rule enjoins. While the wants of the body were well supplied her mind was not neglected. The short time she remained there she learned the alphabet, evinced a strong desire to learn to read and was much interested in the religious instruction which she received.

Her gratitude to those who aided her to escape was unbounded. And always expressed the utmost dread of returning to the situation from which she had just escaped. Although she had been so kindly treated and had an affectionate mother and sister as the advertisement sets forth.

From Lebanon she was conveyed to Gerrit Smith's in Peterboro, where she remained for some time. And was then well supplied with all things needful. From thence she was conveyed to Kingston Upper Canada where she has married a respectable colored man who is reported to be worth about 1500.00

The Sunday Morning Times

SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1877.

Frailick, Hitchcock & Weed,
PUBLISHERS.

THE SUNDAY MORNING TIMES.
Published every Sunday Morning at 5 o'clock a. m.
At 28 West Water Street.

A thoroughly independent local newspaper, elevated
tone, and enterprising in the collection of news.
SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Subscription price, \$2.00 per year. No subscription
placed on our door, unless paid in advance.
For sale by the newsboys, and at all the news rooms.

ADVERTISING.

The most liberal rates consistent with this direc-
tion, and with our arrangement of advertisements,
will be made known at the publication office, and
by the solicitor.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

An Important Passenger Over the Underground Railroad.

DETAILS OF THE ESCAPE OF HAR- RIET POWELL FROM SY- RACUSE.

By H. Wadsworth Clarke
The Principal Abettors of her Flight.

There recently died in the Eighth Ward
a man—poor, and in the lowly walks of
life, but in many respects a hero. He be-
longed to a race which had been despised
and downtrodden, but he was nevertheless
a man, every inch of him; and his death re-
calls to mind one affair in which he took a
humane part, but from the risk he ran, and
the manner in which he bore himself in a
trying situation, he showed the stuff that
heroes are made of. He was a man who
readers can ever realize the horrors of that
stupendous evil which was the prime cause
of the Rebellion, which cost us so much
blood and treasure; but which rang the
death knell of its grand instigator, slavery.
Some faint reminiscences still linger in the
so-called "bull-dozing" in certain portions of
the South; and to escape from these horrors
many of its victims took risks and endured
hardships, with adventures which, in a modern
novel, would be characterized as too mar-
velous for reality.

Some of our readers are old enough to re-
member the intense waves of excitement and
reaction against the slavery interest, which
was caused by the arrest and rescue of Jerry
in 1851. From that time to the Rebellion
the operations of the "Underground Rail-
road,"—as the surreptitious transfer of hu-
man chattels from slavery in a free country
to freedom in a monarchy, was called,—
were winked at and privately encouraged
by many who openly seemed to lean the
other way. For years before the reaction
occasioned by the "Jerry" case, the affairs
of the railroad had to be conducted with
great circumspection and secrecy, particu-
larly in the early days, when to be known
as an abolitionist, or even as an anti-slavery
man, was to court disgrace and insult even
among personal friends. And this is the
main reason why the circumstances of an
abduction, which in its day created as great
a wave of excitement in this community as
did the Jerry Rescue, were never fully
made known to the world.

The recent death of Uncle Tom Leonard
brings the case of Harriet Powell, the
"white lady fugitive," vividly to mind. In
the latter part of September, 1839, J. Da-
venport, a wealthy planter from Mississi-
ppi, arrived in the then little village of Sy-
racuse, accompanied by his wife and an-
other lady, much younger, fair and beau-
tiful, and sumptuously dressed, and took
rooms at the Syracuse House, then kept by
the noted Philo N. Rust. They had come
on a visit to relatives of Mrs. Davenport,
living in a neighboring village. They oc-
cupied the most expensive apartments, were
lavish in their expenditures, and created a
decided sensation in the village. When-
ever Mrs. Davenport appeared on the street,
or in her coach, she was always accom-
panied by the beautiful girl, as richly dressed
as her older companion, and seemingly en-
titled to equal courtesy and respect. Call-
ers were frequent at their rooms at the ho-
tel, and at first they marveled why they
were not introduced to the other "lady."
It was soon rumored by the servants that
the supposed beautiful Southern girl was a
slave. Numerous were the mortifying mis-
takes made by some of the stylish visitors,
who, upon entering the room, would un-
wittingly address the maid as the mistress.
Numerous parties and receptions were
given, at which the mistress and slave ap-
parently vied with each other in dress and
decorations. Most of the servants of the
Syracuse House, of both sexes, were col-
ored, and their sympathies were of course
deeply stirred for Harriet. The subject of
her freedom was broached to her. Liberty

was favorable, it being rather dark, and the
plans were all carried out as by clock-work.
As the hour approached, Harriet was in the
chamber parlor in charge of an infant of
one of Mrs. Davenport's relatives, while the
parlors below were crowded with the dis-
ciple, and it was necessary for her to go down
and pass through the entire party to reach
the outer back door, but nothing daunted she
ran the gauntlet. Throwing a shawl over
her arm she took the child, and as she
passed through the company, she laid it in
her mistress's lap, requesting her to hold it,
while she stepped out for a few minutes.
She was met at the door by her colored
friend, who hurried her to the place desig-
nated, where she was met by Messrs. Clarke
and Owen. Leonard brought her bundle
of clothes. She leaped into the buggy and
was eager to be away. But here was a di-
lemma. She was without a bonnet and was
dressed in light evening costume. A bon-
netless woman seen riding through the
streets would excite suspicion. The night
was cold and she would suffer in her ten
mile-ride. One of the colored friends
promptly pulled off his overcoat and hat,
which she put on, and then apparently two
gentlemen drove rapidly down Onondaga
street. Nor did they slacken speed until
the haven of refuge was reached. Here she
was to stay until a more secure place of
concealment could be arranged. And here
we will leave her, and return to those she
left behind her.

Harriet had been gone some fifteen or
twenty minutes, when her mistress desiring
her attendance, called for her, but receiving
no response, the truth suddenly flashed up-
on her mind. The festivities were abrupt-
ly ended. The alarm was sounded. This
was before the day of the telegraph, and the
fugitive was at least safe from any mode
of pursuit more rapid than her own flight.
Delivery-stables were liberally patronized,
and scouts were sent in all directions. The
Oswego Packet was overhauled and search-
ed. An express was sent to Oswego to
watch the Canada boats. Spies were sent
to Peterboro to watch Gerrit Smith's house,
and to Skaneateles to keep an eye on James
Canning Fuller's premises. The next
morning the chivalrous Southron created
no small stir in the quiet village of Syra-
cuse.

Procuring search warrants, and with the
proper officer, he proceeded to search the
houses of all the prominent abolitionists
from cellar to garret, while the actual con-
spirators stood by and laughed in their
sleeves. He bought the only bowie knife
in the village, and made a great flourish
generally, and sympathizers in his loss were
plenty. He issued a hand-bill and posted
it through the village and its vicinity. A
copy of it lies before us now. It describes
the fugitive better than any words we can
use. It is as follows:—

"\$400 REWARD!
"Left the service of the subscriber on
the evening of the 7th inst. a Bright Quad-
ron servant girl, about twenty-four years
of age, named HARRIET. Said girl was
about 5 feet high, of a full and well propor-
tioned form, straight, light-brown hair,
dark eyes, approaching to black, of fresh
complexion, and so fair that she would
generally be taken for white; a prominent
mouth with depressed nostrils and receding
forehead, readily leading to the critical
observation the betraying traits of the African
race. Her demeanor is very quiet, and her
deportment modest.

"At the time of leaving she had on a black
dress of figured poplin. She took with her
one green merino dress; one pink gingham
(checked) do.; one French muslin figured
do.; one buff, and one light purple calico
do. She wore small rings (with stones) in
her ears, and had three chased gold rings
on her fingers, two of which were set with
green and the other with transparent chry-
stal. She took with her a plaid blanket shawl,
but left her bonnet, so that her head-dress
cannot be described.

"In leaving the service of the subscriber,
she leaves her aged mother and a younger
sister, who are devotedly attached to her,
and to whom she has ever appeared much
attached. It may be proper, also, to state
that her conduct as a servant, and her
moral deportment so far as the same have
come to the knowledge of the subscriber,
have hitherto been irreproachable. It is
believed that she has been spirited away
from the service of the undersigned, by the
effusions and persevering efforts of certain
malicious and designing persons, operating
through the agency of the colored people of
Syracuse, at which place she had been in-
duced to spend a few days. The subscriber
would further add, that he has refused
several importunate offers of \$2,500 for said
girl, for the sole reason that he would never
consent to part her from the other members
of her family, and it is chiefly with the
hope of restoring her to her aged mother
and sister, who will be plunged in sorrow
at the separation, that this notice is pub-
lished. The above reward of two hundred
dollars will be paid to any person who will
deliver said girl to the proprietor of the
Syracuse House, in Syracuse, or one hun-
dred dollars to any one who will give such
information as shall lead to her recovery.

"J. DAVENPORT.

Syracuse, October 9th, 1839.

Davenport had previously written a very
flaming and intensely denunciatory hand-
bill, and it was already in print ready to

The latter was in the mean time to write to
his uncle of the proposed transfer, and
Mr. Owen bade him good night. Mr. Clarke
sat down and wrote the letter, and had just
finished, when a gentle tap was heard at the
door, and upon opening it, Mr. Owen stood
before him, with horror depicted upon his
countenance, and abruptly saluted him with
"We are betrayed." He stated that during
his absence a man had called at his house
and inquired for him. He told Mrs. Owen
that his business was of the utmost impor-
tance, and that it must be done with Mr.
Owen personally. She did not know where
her husband was and so informed him; but
his anxiety to see him seemed so great, that
she suspected the nature of his errand, and
by gaining his confidence, succeeded in
drawing from him the facts relative to the
treachery. She did not know him, nor was
it ever known who he was. Mr. Owen
asked "What is to be done." Mr. Clarke's
reply was "Harriet must be removed this
very night"—and although it was near mid-
night, the night dark, and the roads bad,
these two men went on foot to Mr. Notting-
ham's house, some three miles out, roused
him up, and told him what was wanted.
He immediately consented to go, if Mr.
Owen would go with him. And before
daylight Harriet was safely removed to the
house of a trusty farmer several miles away.
And soon after she was transferred to Dr.
Clarke's residence, by Mr. Nottingham,
who took the letter before mentioned as his
introduction. The doctor's family were
taken by surprise, but they accepted the sit-
uation, and made everything comfortable
and pleasant for their charge. Here she re-
mained three weeks. While here she learned
the alphabet, and evinced a great desire to
learn to read. From Lebanon she was con-
veyed by trusty hands to Gerrit Smith at
Peterboro. Here she was generously sup-
plied with a complete winter outfit, and
while here the neighbors or visitors never
suspected she was other than the fine look-
ing lady she appeared. Mr. Smith sent her
in charge of Mr. Federal Dana, a prominent
citizen of Madison county, to a point op-
posite Kingston on the St. Lawrence. Here
she embarked upon the ferry boat in pre-
sence of quite a crowd. Mr. Dana watched
her progress until he saw her laid upon
British soil, and then turned to the sur-
rounding crowd and informed them of the
supposed lady was, and detailed some
of the circumstances of the case. His state-
ment created intense excitement, and if
Davenport had appeared among them he
would have been roughly handled. By di-
rection of Gerrit Smith, Mr. Dana returned
to Syracuse, and reported to Mr. Clarke
the successful termination of the enter-
prise. Mr. Smith also wrote a letter to
Davenport stating what he had done for her
in the way of clothing, and announcing
that she was safely beyond his reach.

When Davenport found the recovery of his
recreant chattel hopeless, he issued a long
address to the public, entitling it "A chap-
ter in the history of Abolitionism at Syra-
cuse; with a glance at the principles of
Abolitionism as connected with religion and
morality." For their feet run to evil and
make haste to shed blood."—Prov. I, 15.
In it he roundly berated the disturbers of
his peace, and discussed the beauties of slavery
from a benevolent and religious point of
view. Some time after Harriet was safely
domiciled in Canada, a plot to kidnap her
was detected, and Tom Leonard was sent
over to warn her of it.

In the Spring of 1845, Mr. Clarke visited
Kingston, and found her married to a re-
spectable colored man said to be worth
\$1500. She had two bright boys whom she
could call her own. At first she was very
reticent, suspecting espial, not recognizing
Mr. C., having seen him but once, and that
in the darkness of the night of her escape.
But soon, from some circumstances which
he related, she was satisfied that he was one
of her rescuers; then she was unbounded
in her expressions of gratitude for her de-
liverance. He finally asked her to test
her experience in the rigors of the northern
climate, she could return to the pleasant
south, and he restored to her former situ-
ation, with the assurance that no punish-
ment would be inflicted for her actions,
would she be willing to go back where she
could live near her mother and sister.
Placing her finger on her elbow she replied
with emphasis, "I would work my arms off
up to there, before I would go back;" and
she added—"The greatest desire of my
mother's heart was that her children might
be free, and for that she prayed."

Of the actors in this drama of social life,
but two are known to be in the land of the
living. Of the colored persons engaged in
it, the name of but one beside Leonard is
known. This one, William H. Livingston,
who died over twenty years ago, bundled
up Harriet's clothes, and threw them out of
the window to Leonard. Of the white op-
erators, Mr. Owen removed to Utica from

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among personal friends. And this is the main reason why the circumstances of an abduction, which in its day created as great a wave of excitement in this community as did the Jerry Rescue, were never fully made known to the world.

The recent death of Uncle Tom Leonard brings the case of Harriet Powell, the "white lady fugitive," vividly to mind. In the latter part of September, 1839, J. Davenport, a wealthy planter from Mississippi, arrived in the then little village of Syracuse, accompanied by his wife and another lady, much younger, fair and beautiful, and sumptuously dressed, and took rooms at the Syracuse House, then kept by the noted Philo N. Rust. They had come on a visit to relatives of Mrs. Davenport, living in a neighboring village. They occupied the most expensive apartments, were lavish in their expenditures, and created a decided sensation in the village. Whenever Mrs. Davenport appeared on the street, or in her coach, she was always accompanied by the beautiful girl, as richly dressed as her older companion, and seemingly entitled to equal courtesy and respect. Callers were frequent at their rooms at the hotel, and at first they marvelled why they were not introduced to the other "lady." It was soon rumored by the servants that the supposed beautiful Southern girl was a slave. Numerous were the mortifying mistakes made by some of the stylish visitors, who, upon entering the room, would unwittingly address the maid as the mistress. Numerous parties and receptions were given, at which the mistress and slave apparently vied with each other in dress and decorations. Most of the servants of the Syracuse House, of both sexes, were colored, and their sympathies were of course deeply stirred for Harriet. The subject of her freedom was broached to her. Liberty was a boon as dear to her as life, and she sighed for it, notwithstanding her superior situation and kind treatment. But she shrank from the danger which she would encounter, and anticipating the future, should the attempt to escape prove unsuccessful, her heart failed her when the subject was brought to her mind. Tom Leonard was then a waiter in the Syracuse House, and took a deep interest in devising means to restore Harriet to liberty. He communicated her desire to William M. Clarke, (father of Capt. H. W. Clarke, of this city,) at that time Deputy County Clerk, and John B. Owen, a marble dealer in the village, who set about to contrive some plan to spirit her away. Mr. Owen was the first and only person outside the Syracuse House who communicated with Harriet, through Leonard, while Mr. Clarke looked after the outside arrangements and management.

The close of Davenport's visit was near at hand, and word was brought to Mr. Owen by Leonard that the attempt would have to be given up, as Harriet was fearful of failure. Mr. Owen reported this to Mr. Clarke, who told him emphatically that it would not be given up, and that he must send back word to her that it should not be a failure, and that she should be protected at whatever cost or hazard. Her thirst for freedom, stimulated by these manly assurances, overcame her fear, and summoning all her courage, she resolved to undertake the risk. The secret of any projected attempt to remove her from her servitude was faithfully kept by the colored people in the hotel and the two white men who had undertaken to see it, through. Not even was the most trusted abolitionist consulted, unless upon some point which might be absolutely necessary toward carrying out the plans. Whenever the subject of her escape was alluded to in their presence, the only response was the finger upon the lips.

The 8th of October was the date fixed for their departure for the South, by the Davenports, and the evening before a grand farewell reception was to be given them at the house of Maj. Wm. A. Cook, which was in the double brick building next east of the Journal Buildings. This was the night selected for Harriet's escape. The plan had been arranged in all its details. Her bundle of clothes was to be thrown to Leonard from the window of the Syracuse House; another colored man was to be at the back door of Maj. Cook's house; the hour had been fixed for all the details to be executed. A place had been arranged for her first concealment in the house of Mr. Sheppard, a good man and true, who lived a little south-east of Marcellus. Not daring to engage a carriage in the village, Mr. Abraham Nottingham, of Dewitt, was engaged to be on Onondaga street, near the First Methodist Church with an open buggy, where all the parties engaged were to meet. The night

companion, and so fair that she would generally be taken for white; a prominent nose with depressed nostrils and receding forehead, readily betrayed to the critical observer the leading traits of the African race. Her demeanor is very quiet, and her deportment modest.

"At the time of leaving she had on a black dress of figured poplin. She took with her one green merino dress; one pink gingham (checked) do.; one French muslin figured do.; one buff, and one light purple calico do. She wore small rings (with stones) in her ears, and had three chased gold rings on her fingers, two of which were set with green and the other with transparent chrysolite. She took with her a plaid blanket shawl, but left her bonnet, so that her head-dress cannot be described.

"In leaving the service of the subscriber, she leaves her aged mother and a younger sister, who are devotedly attached to her, and to whom she has ever appeared much attached. It may be proper, also, to state that her conduct as a servant, and her moral deportment so far as the same have come to the knowledge of the subscriber, have hitherto been irreproachable. It is believed that she has been spirited away from the service of the undersigned, by the officious and persevering efforts of certain malicious and designing persons, operating through the agency of the colored people of Syracuse, at which place he had been induced to spend a few days. The subscriber would further add, that he has refused several importunate offers of \$2,500 for said girl, for the sole reason that he would never consent to part her from the other members of her family, and it is chiefly with the hope of restoring her to her aged mother and sister, who will be plunged in sorrow at the separation, that this notice is published. The above reward of two hundred dollars will be paid to any person who will deliver said girl to the proprietor of the Syracuse House, in Syracuse, or one hundred dollars to any one who will give such information as shall lead to her recovery.

"J. DAVENPORT.
"Syracuse, October 9th, 1839."

Davenport had previously written a very flaming and intensely denunciatory handbill, and it was already in print ready to deliver, when the principal proprietor of the printing office discovered it, and on glancing over a copy, immediately directed it to be suppressed. By the advice of some of his cooler headed friends, Davenport published the bill we copy. The advertisement was variously received. Rough loungers about one saloon were very outspoken in their indignation after reading the description of the girl; while the prospect of reward stimulated the cupidity of some even who professed to anti slavery sentiments; but they were unable to profit by their treachery.

A systematic effort was made to discover the whereabouts of the fugitive and every device was resorted to, to entrap her abductors. Hoping to obtain some clue, Leonard was arrested for larceny in stealing her clothes. When he was brought before the justice, the abolitionists and parties who were suspected kept out of the way, while Dr. Silas Bliss, a dentist in the place, who never had been known to sympathize in that direction, attended the trial, and kept them posted as to the course it was taking. But so pluckily did Uncle Tom Leonard and his colored comrades bear themselves under the severe fire of Davenport's attorney, that nothing was elicited; not even sufficient to convict him of the charge upon which he was arrested. Harriet had remained at Mr. Sheppard's about a week, when a remark unwittingly dropped by Mr. Owen in the presence of a treacherous abolitionist, indicated to him the neighborhood in which she was concealed, and a scheme was immediately conceived to proceed early in the morning and take the game and pocket the reward. Morning came and the neighborhood was scoured but the bird had flown. Mr. Sheppard was apparently in blissful ignorance of even the existence of such a girl. The posse returned from their bootless errand cursing the traitor who they charged had humbugged them.

And this is the manner of Harriet's second escape. On the evening upon which the plans were laid to recapture her, a mass meeting of abolitionists was in session at the First Congregational Church—which stood where now stands Association Hall. And while the business of the evening was progressing, Mr. Clarke quietly passed around and collected a sum sufficient to "ship a bale of southern goods," and laid before Hon. Gerrit Smith, who sat at the head of a pew, the route which was proposed. He replied, "Get her to my house, and I will be responsible for the rest." Mr. Clarke, at the close of the meeting returned home, accompanied by Mr. Owen, and they sat down in a retired room, to settle upon a further plan of action. It was finally decided to let Harriet stay a day or two longer with Mr. Sheppard, while arrangements could be made to remove her to the house of Dr. John Clarke, an uncle of Mr. Clarke, in Lebanon, Madison Co.

make haste to shed blood."—Prov. 1, 16. In it he roundly berated the disturbers of his peace, and discussed the beauties of slavery from a benevolent and religious point of view. Some time after Harriet was safely domiciled in Canada, a plot to kidnap her was detected, and Tom Leonard was sent over to warn her of it.

In the Spring of 1845, Mr. Clarke visited Kingston, and found her married to a respectable colored man said to be worth \$15000. She had two bright boys whom she could call her own. At first she was very reticent, suspecting espionage, not recognizing Mr. C., having seen him but once, and that in the darkness of the night of her escape. But soon, from some circumstances which he related, she was satisfied that he was one of her rescuers; then she was unbought in her expressions of gratitude for her deliverance. Her mainly asked was—after her experience in the rigors of the northern climate, she could return to the pleasant south, and be restored to her former situation, with the assurance that no punishment would be inflicted for her actions, would she be willing to go back where she could live near her mother and sister. Placing her finger on her elbow she replied with emphasis, "I would work my arms up to there, before I would go back," and she added—"The greatest desire of my mother's heart was that her children might be free, and for that she prayed."

Of the actors in this drama of social life, but two are known to be in the land of the living. Of the colored persons engaged in it, the name of but one beside Leonard is known. This one, William H. Livingston, who died over twenty years ago, bundled up Harriet's clothes, and threw them out of the window to Leonard. Of the white operators, Mr. Owen removed to Utica from here, and is believed to have died some years since. Mr. Nottingham is still living somewhere in the West. William M. Clarke is still living upon his place a little south of this city. To his energetic management the success of the escape was mainly due. He is, notwithstanding his age, still vigorous and active. Whether Harriet be living is unknown.

Within a year after this occurrence, Davenport became bankrupt and his property was scattered; and Harriet, had she responded to his desire, hypocritically expressed in his handbill, to restore her to her aged mother, would have become the inmate of some southern harem. A few words more about the venerable colored individual who forms our text. Little is known of his early life. He was industrious and accumulated some property. After the date of our narrative he became the proprietor of a horse and dray, and did business in that line until the Jerry excitement, when he, with others of his race, fearful of their safety here, fled to Canada, where he remained a year or two. He was one of the few colored citizens who were able to avail themselves of the \$250 privilege of voting.

When the Rebellion broke out and a colored regiment was being recruited in Massachusetts, he was one of the first of a squad to go from here to join it. But greatly to his disappointment and grief, he was rejected by the surgeon as too old, (he was over 70 then.) He was always an energetic worker on election day among his people, when the franchise was extended to them, until decrepitude confined him to the home of a friend, where he died at the age of eighty-eight.

Drugs and Enterprise.

It is a solemn fact that the average drug-gist is a solemn man, and that the average drug store is so arranged as to make itself from the happy medium between an undertaker's office and a fortune teller's back room. Solemn old signs of poison are pasted on bottles and drawers, and looking sponges hang in strings, and the boy who calls for five cents' worth of paragonic gets five dollars' worth of awe and odors.

An old newspaper man from Ohio started in the drug business in this city a few days ago, and from the innovations he is making there can be no doubt that he will either be a millionaire during the next three years or "bust" in less than six months. Skulls, crutches, forceps, chromos, bones, false teeth, almanacs, parrots and sticks of licorice are scattered around in delightful profusion, and there isn't a drawer or bottle without an original label. On one drawer he has: "Glue—She sticks right by you, no matter what the weather." On another: "Coppers—Eat slowly and chew fine." On another: "Paris green—Sure in its operation—lasting in its effects." The label on one of the bottles reads: "Buy some of me and stop that blamed cough." On another: "I'm salt petre—who are you?" On another: "Fruic acid—Don't fool around with a revolver."

Hanging against a wall is a beautiful sign which reads: "If you don't want to ask for a fine comb just point your finger at me!"

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to sea in order to recover the insurance, the owners scarcely expecting a safe return, but what care they for the life or comfort of the men by whom they accumulate their wealth.

Among sailors such vessels are commonly called "baskets," and a discreet man would not venture to sea in a ship of that description, but seamen are not proverbial for discretion, they are usually careless and reckless. When I followed the sea for occupation I was accustomed to examine her pumps, and ascertain whether they were much in use, take a look at her anchors and cables, and see that they were in good order, go down into the hold, and force the point of my knife into the some of the principle timbers to find if she had the dry rot, or any other defect, and could in this manner often determine her sea worthiness. But this precaution is seldom persued by "those who go down in ships," in my day the general motto of a sailor was "a short life and a merry one" they were enured to hardships and seldom feared danger.

Before I close this my final chapter I wish to rescue from oblivion one of the workings of the "peculiar institution," as slavery was mildly termed fifteen years ago, and one in which I bore an active part.

A slave-holder from Baltimore, named Davenport, with his wife and infant child, came to Syracuse, New York, in the summer of 1839, and put up at the Syracuse House. At this time the Liberty party had not been formed, but considerable efforts were being made to awaken the northern mind on the awful sin of man-stealing, and the position the North maintained in support of the heaven-daring institution. Mr. Davenport had in his family a girl to wait on his wife and child; and although she had all the appearance of an Anglo-Saxon,—and few northern men would suspect she was anything but a free woman,—yet the colored people about the hotel, who noticed the servileness with which she was treated by her master and mistress, whispered among themselves that perhaps she was a slave. One day she was allowed to

go into the kitchen to wash some clothes for the infant, and the colored hostler whispered in her ear, "Harriet, are you a slave?"

To which she replied, "Yes."

The man passed rapidly out, as he knew he was closely watched, and could not with safety hold converse with her; but soon returned, apparently in great haste, and whispered, "Do you wish to be free?"

To which, with seeming surprise, she said, "Yes."

Plans were immediately resolved upon to try to effect her rescue from her degraded condition and restore her to her God-given rights of which she had been deprived since her birth. When those plans were about matured her master accepted an invitation to spend the afternoon and evening with a gentleman a few miles out of town, and a livery team conveyed the whole family to the aforesaid place. But her friends were not to be foiled by this unforeseen occurrence. The night was exceedingly dark and foggy, and so far favored their designs. A wagon was procured, and seven or eight stalwart friends of freedom got in it and drove with caution to the house where Mr. D. was visiting. Harriet could be seen from the second-story window in charge of the baby, while her master and mistress, along with their host, were indulging in a "feast of reason and flow of soul" in the parlor below.

A handful of sand was flung against the upper window, which soon attracted the attention of Harriet; and she was informed that all was in readiness. The child was asleep, and all was quiet; but she had no way of escape except through the room where the guests were assembled. She hastily made up a bundle of clothes and threw them out of the window, and went back to adjust her bonnet. But she happened to remember that the bonnet might raise suspicion, so she carelessly threw a shawl over her head, passed down the stairs, and through the room in presence of the guests, who of course had no suspicion of her design. A brace of

strong arms soon helped her into the wagon. One man gave her his coat to wear, and put a man's hat on her head, and in the darkness they drove slowly away.

They went but a short distance before they put up, and found a safe refuge from the vigilance and wrath of her highly-incensed former owner. Soon after she was gone the child began to cry, and it was a wonder that Harriet could not pacify it. Mother ascends the stairs; but no Harriet is there. What has become of her? At once it flashed upon their minds that she went out a short time since and had not returned. A lantern was brought into requisition and the out-buildings were searched, but all to no purpose; the prey had escaped; a rescue was impracticable; an hour had elapsed since her departure; the night was exceedingly dark; and what course the bird had flown could not be determined. Next morning, somewhat chop-fallen, and greatly aggrieved by the meddelsome, thievish Abolitionists, Mr. Davenport returned to the city, and gave vent to his generous feelings by publishing in the city papers, and in hand-bills, the following:

\$200.00 REWARD!

Left the service of the subscriber, on the evening of the 7th instant, a bright quadroon servant-girl, about twenty-four years of age, named HARRIET. Said girl was about five feet high; of a full and well-proportioned form; straight, light-brown hair; dark eyes, approaching to black; of fresh complexion, and so fair that she would generally be taken for white. A prominent mouth, with depressed nostrils, and receding forehead, readily betray to the critical observer the leading trait of the African race. Her demeanor is very quiet, and her deportment modest. At the time of leaving she had on a black dress of figured poplin.

She took with her one green merino dress, one pink gingham (checked) do., one French muslin figured do., one buff and one light purple calico do. She wore small rings (with stones) in her ears, and had three chased gold rings on her fingers, two of which were set with green and the other with transparent crystal. She also took with her a plaid blanket

shawl, but left her bonnet, so that her head-dress can not be described. In leaving the service of the subscriber she leaves her aged mother and a younger sister who were devotedly attached to her, and to whom she has ever appeared much attached. It may be proper also to state that her conduct as a servant and her moral deportment as far as the same have come to the knowledge of the subscriber, have hitherto been irreproachable.

It is believed that she has been spirited away from the service of the undersigned by the officious and persevering efforts of certain malicious and designing persons, operating through the agency of the colored people of Syracuse, at which place he had been induced to spend a few days. The subscriber would further add that he has refused several importunate offers of \$2,500 for said girl, for the sole reason that he would never consent to part her from the other members of her family; and it is chiefly with the hope of restoring her to her aged mother and sister, who will be plunged in sorrow at the separation, that this notice is published. The above reward of two hundred dollars will be paid to any person who will deliver said girl to the proprietor of the Syracuse House, in Syracuse, or one hundred dollars to any one who will give such information as will lead to her recovery.

J. DAVENPORT.

Syracuse, Oct. 9, 1839.

On the publication of the above notice and reward every livery stable in Syracuse was emptied; and many who called themselves men were seen scouring around the country in all directions in search of this poor girl, and threatening to blow out the brains of known Abolitionists if they did not reveal her hiding-place. While the exciting scenes of this hunt lasted it was scarcely safe for a person in the northern city of Syracuse to express a hope that the hounds would not be able to track her to her safe retreat.

Soon after the excitement attending her elopement had subsided, she was conveyed by some of the friends of the oppressed to the Canada shore, to seek for liberty in the dominions in the land of Queen Victoria, which was denied her in republican America. And all this time we were plied

with the question, "What has the North to do with slavery? It is only a negro question," and then, when opportunity offered, attempt to run down *white ladies* of "moral deportment" and return them to hopeless bondage and degradation. A short time after Harriet's escape, the following hand-bill was sent to our shores:

FOUND!

Found, on the Canadian shore, a young woman,—who says her name is Harriet Powell,—about twenty-four years of age. She is of a "full and well-proportioned form, about five feet three inches high; beautiful straight light-brown hair; dark eyes, approaching to black; of fresh complexion, and so fair that she would be taken for a handsome white woman, yet to a critical observer the prominent mouth, depressed nostrils, and receding forehead betrays the leading traits of the African race. Her demeanor is very quiet and her deportment modest."

When found her head-dress consisted of a freedom's bonnet, and a liberty cap, with a frock of Victoria plaid. She has merino, muslin, and other dresses. She wears small rings with stones in her ears, and on her fingers three chased gold rings, two of which are set with green, and the other with transparent crystals.

From her admissions and style of dress I suppose she came from the seraglio of some "patriarch," that she broke loose from the "domestic institution," "sundering the most endearing ties." She is "plunged in sorrow at the separation from an aged mother and sister;" and it adds intensity to her feelings that she knows not where they are, or what may become of them; and strange to tell, she positively declares she never had a *legal* father.

The subscriber wants to know in what part of the world she could have been born. It may be proper to add that since she flew to him for refuge "her conduct and moral deportment have hitherto been irreproachable," and that this notice is published with the hope that it may be the means of her mother and sister knowing where she may be found. Any person conveying the information to them shall receive a reward of \$200 00, and a further reward of \$2,500.00 when the mother and sister are personally introduced to her.

I hope this notice will procure tidings concerning her

mother and sister, as Harriet must be known to many persons having traveled considerably, both by land and water. She says the last port she hailed from was *Davenport*.

Canada, 1839.

JOHN BULL.

The next year after her escape she was married, as stated by the following notice:

MARRIED.

At Kingston, Upper Canada, on Thursday, April 23, 1840, Mr. Henry Kelly to Miss Harriet Powell.

Mr. Kelly is a respectable colored man in good pecuniary circumstances, and his wife has become rather famous within a few months, as "the white lady fugitive," who had the good fortune to escape from the clutches of a slave-holder named Davenport, at Syracuse, last autumn.—*Friend of Man*.

Some five or six years after, my wife and myself went on a visit to my son and family in Upper Canada. and while in Kingston, having a few hours to spare in waiting for the boat, we inquired for and soon found the aforesaid "white lady fugitive," and spent a very agreeable hour in their comfortable and tastefully fitted up residence. Mr. Kelly, her husband, is only slightly colored. He is master of the City Band, and esteemed as a great musician and polite gentleman. They had at that time three children, and the "critical observer" would scarcely discover any African lineage in their offspring.

My wife secured some memento of former times, and a lock of hair from each of their heads, and felt very grateful that there was one province at least where the fugitive could find rest.

I now have finished the task,—undertaken at the commencement with many misgivings and much hesitancy. In reviewing my effort, I have abundant cause to thank my heavenly Father for his divine aid during the number of months this work has absorbed my attention and time; and with a fervent prayer that the blessing of God may accompany its perusal, I bid my friendly reader farewell.